Rota 2.4.63

saw the dr. today, who says
it's only that I'm nothing wrong with it
tired my heart — this latest
intermittent pulse NYPL in a
different form —
recommends quiet. So
I'm altogether
vague about my days
on Thursday. Tho'
I'm practically all
right today. Perhaps
if you rang up Thursday?
And we'll see. Come &
Sadler Wells? I promise
to buy you a [illegible]
able. V. [illegible]

2nd Nov 1932 — a Scrawl to Catch Country Post — Wednesday

I don't think there's much chance that I shall be able to go to Sadlers Wells tomorrow. I'm rather done up today. I think I shall stay absolutely quiet tomorrow - if possible I want to go to Schnabel; but I don't expect I shall be able to see you, or any one, if that's so, in the evening. This is only to say

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

yes bother, as the possible change
as plain. There's nothing
really the matter, only
these attacks, even slight
ones, & I can use very
drowsy & inert, by the
first I am to
drink digitalis —
as I used to do years
ago — both)
hope your
concert is coming off
well this afternoon

V.

Nov 8 1932

I regret Mrs S. Johnson unmercifully. L.
threw away the last L. Merlin. before I'd
read it. O. you lend me a copy?
Have you begun the Empress?

52 Cavendish Sq. Buckstone Tuesday

It was a bore the Dr. coming
this afternoon. L. didn't want me to
see anyone, as we're trying to go to
the first part after any rate my
Schabel tonight. What have I eaten to-
hot. The Dr. just pleased - says
my blood pressure is ~~too~~ normal,
better than last time; - this
my pulse is still too fast
- d'you like these buttons! -
there's nothing wrong with the heart -
only strain: & probably that's
more nerve exhaustion; & ~~the~~
is ~~during~~ instead of a headache.
The present theory is, so brilliant are
Drs, is that if I have my usual

headache. that nervous exhaustion; or my
blue temperature; or my racing NYPL
pulse — ah nerves exhaustion.
And what is nervous exhaustion? Dark
ah, that we cannot say.
Ogden) medicine me a dr. for a
fortnight: am to lie down;
between tea & dinner, but
can write as much as)
like & read all day &
talk a certain
amount.
Heavens what an egotistic medical
Gerard! Now I'm going to
dine & drive to the G. Hall.
well then one day
next week? between
tea & dinner? V.

Rota 2.4.63

Really. I don't understand — I should be
quite much out about music. And

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.

Nov 13
1932

Telephone : Museum 2621.

I'm belly
& bus is back,
but I'm sorry
to be very short

The Book should have been
posted on Friday, a Saturday.
I left it in the Rec on
Friday & told them to send it
Oh Ethel! Ethel! where is
your faith, your judgment — I
ask it all solemnly (I'm
looking with laughter) —
"The Anglia are of your very
best" — do you really
think so? Well, the author
may be a marksman —
I thought it Jubes in the extreme,
& read it L. here were one

buying my tickets in the Times"
No, of course I didn't want it.
Surely — "But NYPL the letter they
must hold out them - letter they to
one another" — my dearest Ethel,
do you really think I would like
that? & is that what you think
my 'very best' — 'the frame
provided by a great artist'
— "but I could quite beg the
article" — I thought at the
Sublet letter poke that was
wen. And it my best!
I've just got the Austin letters —
I were so much enchanted by that
article that I thought I must re
read them & a good deal more
in them than he or the many
My very best !!!!!!

Rota 2.4.63

other day, seeing that I sat up till one thirty howling with laughter a rape at Lº polish Count— the man who wrote the Wake Christ rhymes, a turns out to be an appalling bore, dressed in flowing purple, with hair down his shoulders a conviction that he is King of Poland; & the accent & manners of a Cockney Table boy. V.

52 T.S. Sunday 20th Nov. 1932

I know I have been a wretch, as usual, not to write before, if only to indulge you in your mad Jane Austen mood, which amuses me immensely. Why on Earth should you mind owning a howler once in a way about that article? As I said, I should be far more howling if I wrote to you about your music. It's only your d-d rashness that's at fault— & as you know I rather admire that quality in you— If you'd been a Professor's daughter, you would have said, casually, "By the way did you write an article in the T.L.S.? I didn't think it one of your best, but ...." & no harm done either way. As you're a General's daughter you jumped straight in, & really came an awful cropper; which I prefer; because one knows where one is. As a matter of fact two people, Hugh Walpole & Vita, both said, all their own bat, "Did you read an article imitating you in the T.L.S.?" And they both went on to say, how for 3 lines they had thought it might be me, & there thought well. The must have been very ill to write like that, & then decided that I hadn't written it. But then they both found such words as they have for writing. What I thought about the article was— - & I read it again, after you left— was that the man or woman was so much engaged in imitating, first me, then someone else - for it went on deliberately - that he or she had never got away from the looking glass at all, & therefore had quite forgotten to say anything about

Jane Austen. This brings me, I suppose, to Jane Austen, a fond as I remember that the man or woman is entirely & flatly & absolutely wrong, — that the Austen letters are so important & interesting that I fear I shall have to write about them one of these days myself. And, again Ethel dear, you're entirely wrong — whatever "Bloomsbury" may think of J.A., she is not by any means one of my favourite[s]. I'd give all she ever wrote[TYPE] for half what the Brontës wrote — if my reason did not compel me to see that she is a magnificent artist. What I think proceed to find out, from her letters, when I've time, is why she failed to be much better than she was. Something to do with sex, I expect: the letters are full of hints already. That she suppressed half of her nature. Now why? But I've only read 20 pages: I've no time — even so many I'll read

I had to spend 2 days last week in bed with this jumping heart — not bad though: only the Dr. happened to come, & said that it didn't stop my mornings work. Of course I should have to stop my mornings work. didn't stop just I should have to stop my mornings work. ~~Heard a~~ which I really cannot endure: so I put all everything: didn't even so round to Nena, & now am much better again. working furiously. That's why I can't write letters. I've written nearly 2,000 words (oh how you'll hate them! — Lena the T.L.S. is my very best — ah hah — you shant hear the last of that! — how you'll hate them!) But the effect of writing 2,000 words is that my hand staggers like a drunk crow in the evening: & I still have 20 letters I ought to write. They shall go to the type writer though — I'm entirely lost without my movements. I can't keep my own plans in my head, let alone other peoples. So I must send this — & the 2 mercury articles — ah hah! I won't tell you what I hope to get — to Cowgate in the spring hope that you may resurrect there one of these days. Or here. But God knows when. I am honestly & solemnly trying to be as quiet & dull & recumbent as I can. The Dr. ~~Had~~ says I ought to have been much worse than I was, the

Tuesday 29th Nov 1932

Then is not a letter to date to be alarmed; only to say I have letter from the publishers of the Austin letters saying they had been told I wrote the T.L.S. article - hoped I had not - are much relieved to find it the "culprit is Mr. Forth". Lord - I never guessed it would be him. Such rot - you were right - thinking it by a man who can write; I thought I put that in but more than a few simple tricks. His time. The letters are to me fascinating - for what